

SPARTAN B312: The Fall Of Reach

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Summary: This is Halo Reach from MY spartans point of view. It will follow the missions in the game and also the stuff in between. i am taking some liberties with Noble Team but basing them of info i got from the game and Halo pedia. this is a work in progres
enjoy

SPARTAN B312: The Fall Of Reach

****I DONT OWN HALO ****wish i did though ;)

please dont flame me. im new to this so be patient. just to warn you im trying to not let my super girlyness taint my spartan. if you guys like this please tell me! going to try to post new chapters regularly. well thats pretty much it so... BLARG!

It was a bright hot sunny day on the beach. I sat in my father's lap under the shade of a big tree. The warm breeze was blowing my hair. The sound of the waves mingled with the sound of our laughter.

Everything was just as I remembered it, the wind, the waves, even the smells were perfect. I couldn't help but let it suck me in, let myself once again return to the five year old girl I once had been, and to the memory of the last day of my childhood. The last day before it all went wrong.

I knew if I let the dream go on long enough it would change into a nightmare. Just as it had in real life. The happy laughter of my family would term into screams as I watched in horror as my happy normal life died with my parents.

Before I had to force myself out of the dream a loud noise did the job. I opened my eyes to see the flashing red notice that had woken me. It was my HUD telling me I was fully rested. I laughed to myself. Since when did a computer system tell me I was fully rested? I got up anyway. There was no point to sleeping now, that dammed computer

would just wake me up again.

After I got up I had to wait for my HUD to reset itself. As I waited I couldn't help but think about the dream. Everything was so real, the sounds, the smells, the heat, and the wind. It had all felt so real. I guess if I really thought about it, and I tried not to, the part I missed the most about being a normal human was probably the feel of the breeze on my face. My hair blowing wildly in the breeze. It had been a long time since I'd felt that.

For the most part I really didn't miss being a normal human. Probably I didn't miss it because, I like the other SPARTAN 3's I had been trained with, don't remember much of our short civilian lives. In fact the only distinct memory I have is that day. Any other memory I have of that time was more or less just a flash or a picture of a face or place.

A quiet chime broke my reverie. An "All systems go!" flashed before my eyes. I began walking to the door. I would have grabbed a weapon on my way out the door but as I was currently at a base where all weapons were kept in the armory, I had to leave without one. As I made my way through the metal hallway I couldn't help but feel naked, and unprotected. I imagined that this was how all marines felt or how my fellow SPARTAN 3's who had not been lucky enough to get armor felt. It made me feel edgy. What was so bad about carrying a pistol or combat knife around the base? Or maybe a DMR. Just for comfort, it wasn't like I was going to go crazy and kill everyone. Although I definitely could.

As I was turning the corner a yellow flicker on my motion tracker caught my eye. As I rounded the corner the marine almost ran into me. "Sorry ma'am." He said standing at attention. I nodded to him and went to continue walking when he continued talking. "The Colonel sent me to find you. He wants to see you in his office right away Lieutenant." I nodded again and said "Thanks." And began walking away towards the Colonels office. This was definitely a good sign. I was only called to the Colonels office before being sent on a important mission. The kind of mission where typical marines weren't enough. The kind where I went alone. Most of the time the Colonels men did not expect me to return, the Colonel however seemed to understand what "hyper lethal" really meant.

The idea of getting out of the base was thrilling. I had been cooped up too long. I needed to feel the thrill of shooting my weapon at an enemy again. The thrill of sneaking up on a covey and sticking a knife in his throat. That was the kind of stuff I was good at, not trying to make chit chat with some jumpy solider, trying to forget how awkward it really was. Base life was driving me crazy. I had too much time to think. I was sure my instincts were all messed up from not being used.

I finally made it to the door. The marine that was standing guard let me go right in. the Colonel was standing in the middle of the room arguing with some officers when one of them alerted him to my presence. He turned to face me; his hard fierce eyes looked annoyed. "Ahh Lieutenant I'm glad you came." He didn't sound glad. I waited for him to continue. Whatever he had to say did not seem to please him. "I have some good news for you. You've been reassigned, to Noble Team in fact. Some people feel it's a better use of your skillset." He begrudgingly mumbled the last part, and then went on.

"Congratulations Spartan. I wish you the best of luck. You will be leaving at 0` twelve hundred." He turned to go back to his work. "Dismissed." I turned and walked out of the room. I was stilled a little stunned. Noble Team. Wow. That was a surprise. Exciting for sure. The whole "Team" had me a little worried. Oh well I would manage, I doubted Noble Team did much sitting around a base.

I had some time on my hands before I had to worry about catching my transport, so I decided to go to the shooting range. I turned right out of the door and walked down the hallway to the range. When I walked in I was greeted by a group of familiar voices. "Look guys it's the Lady Spartan." It was the ODST's. when I'd been assigned here their teasing had gotten us in a fist fight, which of course I had won. Now they only teased in a joking manor. They were probably the only people I could call my "friends". "Well if it isn't the Oddly Deformed Short Troopers." I smiled back at them, though they couldn't see it through my helmet. "So tell me, how well does that purple armor camouflage you? Are the Covenant color blind?" they enjoyed making fun of my purple and green armor. I didn't let it bother me because I knew if it really came down to it they would rather have my shielded armor in any color in a battle. "Word around town is that you've been reassigned?" asked the more reasonable one of the three. "Yeah. I leave today."

"Ha Ha! Where to desk duty? Ha!" they all couldn't help but laugh and nor could I despite myself. "Noble Team actually." That stopped them dead. They had all heard of the elite >all SPARTAN super team. "No kidding?" asked Rob, the least serious one of the bunch. I nodded, and shock filled their voices. "Wow. Congrats, I guess." It took them all a minute to mumble their congratulations. "Well did you boys come here to shoot or to chat?" I asked as I picked up a DMR and some ammo and headed towards an open range. They seemed to become alive at that moment, and moved towards the other open ranges. "I bet you boys 10 bucks I can hit the center of the target every time." Of course I knew I would win, but betting was kind of our thing. For the next hour the only sound in the room was the sound of our shots being fired. And then it was time for them to pay up and me to catch my transport.<p>

End
file.